

I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Charles Battle Loomis

Are you socially your husband's inferior or his superior?

If you are his inferior he is probably too much of a gentleman to have told you so, but if you are his superior I am very much afraid that you have let him know it.

But if you are and if you have, don't let it rest at that. Try by all the means in your power to lift



him up to your social level. If your table manners are better than his; if you cannot eat a dinner without the use of from two to three forks, while he is prone to get along without any, try to educate him. If he won't use three compromise on one. That will be a beginning.

It will be a great pity if you let him drag you down to his level. It is always a pity when a man or a woman coasts from birth instead of climbing from birth. Let your motto be, "Ever upward." Don't you want to be superior socially to anyone on earth? How can you become so if you do not climb and drag your husband along too?

Lift him up and teach your children to be a little better than either of you. This will not be hard, as they already feel they are—that is, if they are good Americans. If they are Chinese they are becoming humble and think that the sun rises and sets in you and your husband. But it is safe to say that your children are not Chinese. They want to move on a higher social plane than you moved, and on a much higher plane than their father moves.

And when they have reached what they have striven for, just use them to pull you and your husband up and the end of your family will be some Blue Book.

It's a great ambition.

I think it was Zangwill who said that, like a poet, a gentleman was born, not made. The same aphorism can be applied to the opposite sex. A true lady is born, not made.

Being born a lady she can be improved by education and by refining influences, but she will not suddenly begin to be a lady, she will always have been one; while if she was not born a lady no amount of education or refinement or stimulating environment will make her a true lady.

She may educate herself to become a very pass-



able imitation of a lady by cultivating her sense of obligations to her brothers and sisters in this world.

She may act the part so often and so well that after a time she will convince people that she is a lady; but if she only takes the trouble to be born

one, if she will only choose for her ancestors kindly, unselfish people, she will be apt to start her life with the chief requisites, and then, no matter what her education may or may not be, her heart will every day incline her to ladylike actions, and people will say when she dies, "She was a true woman if ever there was one."

And to be a true woman is to be the best possible kind of lady.

Have you ever heard about that business man who in advertising his particular brand of breakfast fodder increased the circulation of the paper in which he advertised a hundred-fold?

Well, it was this way. His name was Wise, and he had unlimited money to spend. He had formerly owned a sawmill and he naturally had a large quantity of sawdust on hand. It struck him that if he could buy a low-priced molasses, and could make an amalgam of molasses and sawdust and advertise it as the only nutritious food, good alike for brain, brawn, cuticle, and hair, he could make a fortune in a month or two.

So he called in an advertising man, and put him on a princely salary at once, and said:

"Go ahead. Advertise Sord Ust in any way you like, as long as you get the people's attention."

Now, the advertising man was a genius and he said to himself: "If I advertise this thing a little in every paper people will only think a little of it, but if I bend all my energies on one paper, and that a very important one, and advertise it there uniquely for a month or so, the very oddity of the thing will attract attention."

So he went to the office of the Daily Howler and said:

"I want to buy every page in your paper for advertising purposes."

And the business manager told him it couldn't be done.

So the advertising man showed him what a large check he could write, and then the business manager said it was possible, and the next day Mr. Man had every page in the Daily Howler. There was not a murder, not a bit of editorial speculation, not a thing of any sort in the paper, except the name and the date and the subscription price.

And of course there was no advertisement. And that piqued curiosity.

Well, this thing happened next day and the next, and then on the editorial page was printed in very small letters,

TRY SORD UST

Now you may well believe that subscribers began to rush in, for here was a paper that could be introduced into the most bigoted home in the land. There were no tiresome politics in it; no dreadful murders; nothing but Sord Ust.

Every one said it was the cleanest paper that had ever been issued, and more and more people subscribed to it. It got to be quite a fad. To be sure, the subscribers did not know what was going on in the world except by hearsay, but they had that much more time for other things, and they were, consequently, far happier, and, reading about no murders or steamship trusts or Presidential possibilities, they finally came to the conclusion that the millennium was at hand.

But, of course, the thing that made the most impression on them was this Sord Ust. They began to inquire for it in the stores and they found that no one kept it. No one had ever heard of it. It was impossible to buy a box of it anywhere because the clever advertising man had given orders to his employer to refuse to sell it for at least six months.

People did not even know whether it was a new kind of soap, or a breakfast food, or the latest thing in stove polish.

What was the result? Why, people were mad to get it. They would have it. The very idea that in a free country they were not allowed to buy anything they wanted! Was this Maine with a prohibitive law on something the people really wanted?

And all this time the editor of the Daily Howler kept on increasing his edition, and all the time Mr. Wise went on buying sawdust and cheap molasses until he had a whole county in Northern New York heaped high with it and five large mills hard at work compressing it into cakes.

And at last, seemingly on account of the pressure of public opinion, but really because the advertising man said it was high time, Mr. Wise put an advertisement on the first page of the Daily Howler to the effect that Sord Ust was a breakfast food, and that all you need do to it was to pour a little hot milk on it; and if your grocer wouldn't get it for you change your grocer at once!

Was it a success?

Well, I guess.

Why, they had one long freight train stretching from the mills to New York, moving all the time on a special track, and as fast as a car was unloaded at the Manhattan end a car was filled at the other end.

Motive power? Electricity, of course.

And the man became a millionaire ten times over before the year was up and before the Sord Ust had kicked up any racket in the insides of the populace.

And now the advertising man began to advertise



in all the papers, and the Daily Howler came before its millions of subscribers with murders and editorials once more, and they, after their long fast, were only too glad to learn that the world was not as good as they had suspected, and the Daily Howler was a bigger success than ever.

But the editor had got the tip, and he didn't use Sord Ust on his home menu.

And he's alive yet.

I know it is none of my business, but are you going to let Jane grow up with that unpleasant voice?

Haven't you read the praise of Southern women's voices to some advantage?

I don't suppose that Jane's speaking voice could ever be made really melodious, although, strange to say, her singing voice is not at all unpleasant.

But you could eliminate that strident quality.

The other day I was sitting in the seaward end of a ferryboat when Jane came in from the slip. The boat was full and every one was talking, but Jane's voice rose above all the others and almost every one looked up.

I'll venture to say that most of them were reminded of a beautiful macaw.

For there is no denying that Jane is a handsome girl.

And she's a bright girl and she says bright things, but they are all screeched at you.

If Jane marries let her pick out a phlegmatic man, unless she uses a file on that voice. It would be cruelty to animals to let her marry a sensitive soul, say a painter or a writer, because to be shut up in the same cage day after day with the most beautiful macaw imaginable would be to have one's nerves de-insulated.



She may be disobedient and outgrow it; she may be disrespectful and outgrow it.

But if your daughter has an unpleasant voice she won't outgrow it unless you keep at her all the time.